

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

Do They Butcher Your Favorite Novels?

DID you ever read a good novel? Certainly! And later get a big thrill when you read that the Three Star Hennessey Film Company had bought it and would present it in seven weeks? Right again!

Suppose we turn the calendar to the opening night of your favorite novel in cinema garb. After a couple of yards of film, the scene is a credit title, which you scan to read, the fade-in discloses a scene as remote from the opening chapter of the book as Admiral Sims is from getting elected President of the Irish republic. You're disappointed. Certainly. It's not like the book. Of course not. "Disgusting!" says the wife, so loud the orchestra leader turns around. After you get her quieted she leans over with her hand cupped like a megaphone and audibly whispers: "Oh, they left out that nice part where he thinks about the day he taught her to swim for the sixth time."

Yes, you're both disappointed, and for the first time you agree—the picture's the Bunker Hill; it's not like the book. An hour later, as you light the good-night cigarette you're still agreeing that you could have written a much better scenario; could have made it just like the book, and not left out that nice part where she thinks about the day when the minister counted him out: "—eight, nine, ten—you're married!" Kismet, Proslit, Floozy—or whatever it is that the fiction writers say when they end an episode.

COMES now a lowly scenario writer—Lucien Hubbard, of the scenario department at Universal City—with an awful of albus and affidavits for the defense of those who picture novels.

THE story from which the picture was taken opened with a beautiful but long-winded description of the rock-bound coast of Papecte—the place where, according to Christopher Morley, people go mad with Tahiti.

A solid chapter of fugged peaks, baby sealions and the tang of bleak salt air, as the setting sun sinks down to kiss the dying day. In the book, during this thirty-four page page weight, the hero has been introduced. He sits before an easel, palette in hand; but he is not painting. No, he's thinking as he gazes soulfully off toward Tonga, Rara-tonga, Gopher Prairie, and points east. This hero has made a life study of thinking, when he's not painting. As a matter of fact, it is carefully explained in this first chapter that the hero has a headache from thinking before the story opened.

Page after page the author carries you through a detailed recital of the hero's thoughts. He thinks of the past, of the future, of prohibition, and of—of everything, apparently, save painting.

The story intrigues your interest. You like this hero. You like him because you've reached page sixty-eight you know everything he's ever thought about and there's not an unwholesome thought in the lot.

And here, on page sixty-eight of your favorite novel, the yarn branches off from descriptions, allegories, reflections, reviews, thoughts and musings, and a bit of action is introduced. A seagull mistakes the artist's ear for a young snail. The artist starts with his feet in pain and rage, and takes a couple of steps beyond the edge of the precipice.

Four or five chapters later the fisherman's daughter comes down the beach to dig clams, and finds him. You know her fairly well by now, too. You know that she inherited her passion for digging clams from a never-do-well grandfather; you have had a biographical sketch of the grandfather's life, and accurate geographical description of the very spot where he made the discovery that started the big clam rush in '89.

THIS story goes on, and on, and on, with endless pages of description, with one and then a little action injected to keep you believing something may happen in the next chapter, which you read. However, it's your favorite novel, and you insist upon seeing it on the screen, whether it's adapted to picture purposes or not.

UNFORTUNATELY, many "best sellers" are not naturally motion-picture stories. Brilliant dialogue, scintillating repartee and beautifully painted description all have their value at so much a word in fiction, but unfortunately, they cannot be photographed.

The average story written as straight fiction and with no thought of motion-picture application, will hardly provide more than half of the material required for a feature-length three-reel picture. It devolves, therefore, upon the scenario writer to supply sufficient action to build up the story for screen requirements.

A most excellent fiction story may be entirely lacking in one or more of the elements of heart interest, love interest, dramatic strength, comedy relief or human touches. Yet, the same story, produced on the screen minus these qualities, would be severely criticized.

Briefly, the duties of the scenario writer are here summed up: To take the story material provided and build into it any of the essential elements which may be lacking for a satisfactory screen version; elimination of action which may have no screen value, or tend to hinder the unfolding of the plot; to prepare a scenario in numbered scenes of action; to supply the dialogue for the spoken part of the picture; to supply the action for the pantomime, and to assume full responsibility for every one's mistakes in case the finished picture should result unsatisfactorily.

DIRECTORS, cutters, screen editors and general managers have much to do with a picture long after it has passed through the scenario writer's hands. So don't judge too hastily in case they omit some part which, in your opinion, is particularly attractive, but, from the standpoint of conventional screen values, is impossible.

WIFE MUST DRESS HER HOME "ROLE" TO HOLD HUSBAND

By CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

PROBABLY one thousand times a year the postman brings me a letter asking if I can help some woman out of the drab, gray commonplace of domestic unhappiness.

"I have always tried so hard to save money so that Joseph and I could own our home," writes one, "but now that I am old and tired from scrimping, Joseph is tired of me and of the house."

"You and I are women of the world," comes one note on imported Italian paper. "What you tell me why it is that men of culture, breeding and large business affairs will leave well-appointed homes in search of frivolous young girls and cabarets?"

"What can I do Miss Young?" is scrawled in lead pencil on a piece of lined tablet paper. "My husband is no good to me no more."

In answering these letters I always ask these friends of mine if they are taking care of their looks—keeping themselves young and attractive in appearance and spirit, if they are taking pains with their clothes, if they are



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

taking pains to keep their homes as comfortable and as beautiful as possible.

For we have learned a secret, we people of the stage and screen. This secret is, "There is nothing more powerful than beauty." By "Beauty," I do not mean the shallow prettiness of baby-blue eyes and very blond hair. I mean the beauty that comes from paying infinite attention to details. The beauty that comes from harmony.

Theatrical producers know that it is not enough that the women—and the men—who appear in their plays and pictures shall be perfectly groomed and dressed for their parts. The actors must have proper backgrounds as well. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each season so that even the stage may be made to resemble for the first of Broadway, so that nothing—not even a misplaced vase or an ugly chair—may spoil a perfect effect.

AND have you noticed that even if the star plays the role of an unsophisticated mountain girl, or of the boyden of the New York slums, at some time during the performance the playwright and the producer see to it that she is dressed in beautiful clothes? One of the best ways, of course, is to have her marry the rich young hero in the end, and to send her out for the final bow scene in an exquisitely correct outfit.

It is because producers do not want women both-like to see the women of the make-believe world dressed up. The play with this sort of a plot is almost always a success.

It is so in real life.

But what do many of you women do when you go home from the matinee?

Do you realize that your married life is a drama, too? And that you are the leading woman? Do you stop to think that, even though it may be necessary for you to be a bit of a drudge at times, your Henry (the hero of your domestic play) likes to see you dressed up, too?

Do you realize that before you became Henry's bride you were continually living at dress rehearsals? Henry thought you were beautiful then. Every man thinks the girl he is going to marry is beautiful. Don't you owe it to Henry to "live up to the advance billings," as we say in the theatre?

Too many of you, I am afraid, go home from the matinee and sigh and moon about the play, and wish you could be the star, and then slip into the old calico apron you had on when Henry went to work that morning, and slap the supper down on the kitchen table, because it's too much trouble to set the dining-room table.

You owe it to your husbands to give the most beautiful that is in you as returned on the matinee. Your dividends will be his lifelong interest.

Rockcliffe Follows on Stage

Rockcliffe Follows, the screen's most popular parlor "caveman," has for some time the spotlight on his feet. He will be seen in Rialto's Gordon's stage play, "Pot Luck," on Broadway about mid-October. James Hennessey, husband of Dorothy Gish, and another well-known screen player, will also have a leading part in the play.

ANITA COULDN'T DROWN IF SHE WANTED TO WITH THIS HUSKY BODYGUARD

Anita Stewart's hubby, Rudolph Cameron, took these pictures at Atlantic City. The baby in the group scene is not Anita's own, as one report had it, but a nephew



ANITA'S HUSBAND LIKES TO TAKE SNAPSHOTS OF HER

A SUMMER wouldn't be a summer unless Anita Stewart came East and let New York have at least the pleasure of a short visit.

So she came, accompanied by her mother, by her husband, the personable "Ruddie" Cameron, and King Casey, her full-blooded English bulldog. And ever since she arrived she's been enjoying every minute of her time meeting old friends over in Brooklyn where she was born and went to school and broke into the pictures.

Anita believes that the old saying, "There's no place like home," is good as far as it goes, but she makes it stronger by having two homes and loving them both. One is in Los Angeles and the other at Bayshore, L. I., which is her habit when she makes her annual visit east.

But in addition to her desire to drop in at her other home, and also to renew acquaintances, formed at a set of Vitagraph lot when she was making "A Million Bids" and such, Anita has another object in her trans-continental pilgrimages. She wants to "lose her weight." "That sounds silly, I know," says Anita, "but nevertheless it is true. You know one can get lost in a crowd. Well, I come here to lose my identity (imagine wanting to lose Anita Stewart's identity) for the time being and to get away from the curious. A motion-picture star, you know, is supposed to be something of a curiosity, and when I go on a vacation I want to cease to be a curiosity. All goes well for a time, and then something comes up to spoil my solitude."

"Take, for example, this present trip. Ruddie—that is Mr. Cameron—has a great hobby for taking snapshots. Well, we were spending ten days at Atlantic City, and he was following me around like a professional cameraman taking pictures wherever my friends and I went. I believe he made me pose with every life-saver on the beach while we were there. Well, of course, it was no time before every one seemed to know that a film star was around, and then there was no peace for me. Ruddie is a dear fellow, but he likes to tease me a bit, and he'd rather take snapshots of me than do anything else."

The pictures on this page, by the way, show the fruit of "Ruddie's" efforts, and they seem to make him out a pretty good photographer, but then—she wouldn't be with such a subject as Anita.

She'll be going back West in October, by the way, to her Los Angeles home. She has no definite plans for the future as yet, but has been reading a number of stories with a view of using them as future vehicles. The last picture she took was "Her Mad Hargain."

Working in California

Elliott Dexter, leading man, who recently returned to California to take a leading part in "Rainbow's End," an all-star picture in which Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson will be starred.

All by Herself

Miss MacAvoy is a beautiful thing to see. If you will notice, this is her fourth consecutive picture with the new star—in fact, she has been in every one since Miss MacAvoy reached stellar ranks.

Wallie Reid is making "Rent Free," with the admired Lila Lee playing opposite. Miss Lee had a wonderful gown on today, made entirely of cut steel beads. Little Gertrude Short, who plays so often with Fatty Arbuckle, is also in the picture. She has just shingled her hair off like so many of the girls—Mary Thurman started the style.

Poor Bebe Daniels gets all roughed-up by a crook-stomper in her current picture. In fact, the maternal parent once removed slaps her, pounds and pushes her. Bebe decided yesterday that things had gone far enough, so she held a short consultation with the property man. When the scene was taken again—those scenes always are—Bebe landed over in a corner as per schedule. She lay there a moment as if in great distress, coughing and working her



HELEN CHADWICK

CASSON IS SAYING 'NICE THINGS TO CUTE MAY MACAVOY

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Hollywood, Calif.

MAY MACAVOY'S a sweet thing. She is pretty and good and unaffected and I'm for her. She's being directed now by William D. Taylor, who is also very nice. In fact, every one on the set is nice, to say nothing of the studio and the whole world.

The reason for this sudden burst of good will? Ah, can't you guess? I'll never tell.

But may, not so. It seems that the good people of Randsburg and Barstow, Calif., were so delighted by the novelty of having a motion picture company in their midst that they killed the fatted calf, to say nothing of the chicken and the baking powder biscuits. Others in the lucky company were Shannon Day, Gordon Russell and Will Walling.

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THE STORY BEGINS

With the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California under Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Beanie Love and a host of others were not much more than extra girls. Diana Cheyne tells how she and her chum, Isabel Heath, sat lonely around the studio until Phil Cronay, the famous director, chose Isabel to be the first of the screen's "baby camps." They are seen together a great deal, and a scandal is created by the director's wife, Derry Winchester, a friend of Diana's, is called on to help, and Isabel tries to "camp" him. Then Isabel announces she is to be starred in the East by a Paul Markham. Derry goes to France with the aviation corps and Diana meets Keith Gorham, who strangely attracts her. On the eve of a romantic runaway marriage, Keith is killed in an automobile accident.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Success in Pictures Ended

His Days as Art Student

JACK MULLHALL has been selected to play "Joe," the leading male role in "Turn to the Right," the screen version of John Golden's stage success. The company is headed by Alice Terry, leading woman in "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." Raymond Hatton will be the Muggsy, and Edward Conarty, who heads Metro's stock company, will appear as the eccentric deacon.

Mr. Mullhall was selected for "Turn to the Right" after a screen test in the make-up that realized Rex Ingram's idea of what Joe should look like. Mr. Mullhall, who has been seen in six Metro productions, was an art student in New York when Ingram first met him and suggested that he make an effort to "break into pictures."

Jack forsook his brushes and easel to play an extra part at the old Biograph studios there. Since that day he has been so much in demand that he has had no opportunity to resume his art studies.

Then she leaned over and expected several pearl-like objects. Chester Franklin, leaning over to the spot, figured time and cost of a set of store teeth for Bebe by the leap. Then the Daniels looked up and grinned, a wide grin, a toothy paste grin. The prop man sneaked behind a flat to hide the bag of beads.

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CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

CHAPTER XVIII

Until then I hadn't pushed that a star must be exploited, pushed into success in every way. Even the idea that I might have a publicity man of my own was rather a shock to me. And the thought that never been going to be made one was brand new.

A good many people who had come on from New York for the convention went back on the train that I took, and so when I was walking through the Chicago office, talking about publicity and what could be done for me, I wasn't really surprised to see Merwin Reed there. He was walking through the Chicago office, talking about publicity and what could be done for me, I wasn't really surprised to see Merwin Reed there. He was walking through the Chicago office, talking about publicity and what could be done for me, I wasn't really surprised to see Merwin Reed there.

"Want to meet Reed?" asked the man with me. "I used to work for the company he was with, and knew him fairly well. He's a nice chap—you'd like him."

I did want to meet him, of course; he was one of my favorites on the screen, and I was eager to know what he really was like.

I have been so glad that I met him then, before his success spoiled him. His story is an interesting one, and I'm going to pause in the midst of telling mine to repeat it to you; whether you recognize him or not, it will give you a glimpse of the way things happen behind the scenes.

His career was started by a girl, the girl he fell in love with when he was trying to earn a living down in Kentucky, selling books. He was amazingly unselfish; in fact, he told me that he was absolutely the worst salesman that company had ever had. But he was so much in love with the daughter of the woman who was postmistress in his home town that he kept on trying to sell books, despite the fact that he'd earned enough money to marry her.

But her mother was not at all encouraging. She wanted her daughter to marry the son of the local feed and mercantile—really, this reads exactly like the story of one of Charlie Ray's pictures! She wouldn't even let Merwin call at the house, so he and the girl used to meet on the lumber piles down by the river, which belonged to the man her mother wanted her to marry, and sit there holding each other's hands and planning how they'd get married if Merwin could ever get a job that would assure him of \$20 a week.

He couldn't seem to do it, though. He tried just about everything, but he never was any good at anything at all. He couldn't get the Knack of business. He was nineteen then, and he felt that he ought to begin to amount to something, if he was ever going to, only he couldn't seem to decide on what he'd amount to.

And then one day the girl's mother met him on the street, and stopped to talk to him; she wanted him to leave town for good, so that her daughter would forget him. And when they'd been talking for a few minutes she said: "Why don't you go into the movies?"

"I should think you'd be awfully good in them."

So they said good-by and he slipped on the late freight and bummed his way to New York. And she sat there by the river for a little while longer, waiting for a bit, because she thought Merwin would never come back, and then went home to be nice to the feed and mercantile.

Merwin couldn't seem to get anywhere in the movies for a year or so. He wasn't as good-looking as he is now, and at that time there wasn't such a chance in pictures for the boy with a clean, honest face and eyelashes no longer than the ordinary man's. But he hung on, trying to be sure that he'd found the right line at last, and that his chance would come.

It did, quite unexpectedly. He had been in a picture with J. J. Pickford, and that was given similar part in another one with somebody else, and

Word comes from the Morocco studio that Avery Hopwood, the noted playwright, is now planning into the intricacies of scenario writing in preparing the screen version of "Linger Longer Letty," which, it is announced, will be the next Morocco picture with Charlotte Greenwood, her own stellar self, appearing before the camera.

the first thing any one knew he'd worked into the kind of thing he's doing now—parts that seem simple enough, regular small-town stuff, but done with a good many other in the picture, and I think he's almost as clever as Charlie Ray himself.

He was just well started on that sort of thing when I met him in Chicago. He had signed a contract with one of the biggest firms in the business, but had signed for only two years, figuring that at the end of that time he'd be in a position to demand his own company. He had a good enough head for business now, I can assure you! And he wasn't spoiled yet, though he was rather inclined to talk about "my art" and take himself very seriously. He rather loftily offered me a chance to go opposite him in a picture, and when I told him of my contract with Malcolm Sandler he opened his eyes wide.

"You're made, if he's interested in you," he told me. "But I certainly don't envy you for the next year or two!"

I must go on and tell you the rest of Merwin Reed's story while I'm talking about him. He went back home and married the postmistress's daughter, after he became a star, which was about six months before I met him. Of course, his money made a wonderful impression, and his mother-in-law almost exploded with pride in him.

But in a way it was a pity that he was so successful. You can imagine what would happen to most of the people who wish they had a million dollars, if they suddenly realized that they had it. Well, that was about the way it was with the Reeds. They went mad over their money. And they never grown sane again. Why, just the last time I was in Los Angeles, it happened to be in an elevator with Merwin and his wife. We were in a building in which many motion-picture companies had offices, and there were a good many others in the elevator who knew who the Reeds were.

Mrs. Reed was wearing a red gown. And she stretched out her pretty hands and said languidly, "Merwin, I ought to have rubies to wear with this gown, and I haven't a single one. Do buy me some rubies."

"Yes, dear, at once! We'll go out and buy them now!" exclaimed her adoring husband. They promptly left the elevator, took the next one down to the street, and when I met them again at that time after Mrs. Reed's rubies had dropped beneath their weight of rubies.

To be continued tomorrow



CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

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The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Aves. Mat. Daily at 2:30. Evng. 6:45 & 9:15. In "SINGING RIVER"	GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY 2:30. In "THE PAGE MYSTERY"	The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES
ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Aves. Mat. Daily at 2:30. Evng. 6:45 & 9:15. In "CHARGE IT"	GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. & Erie St. Mat. Daily at 2:30. Evng. 6:45 & 9:15. In "SHELTERED DAUGHTERS"	BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 P. M. JACK PICKFORD in "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE"
APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY 2:30. In "THE LOVE SPECIAL"	IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. In "CHARGE IT"	CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and